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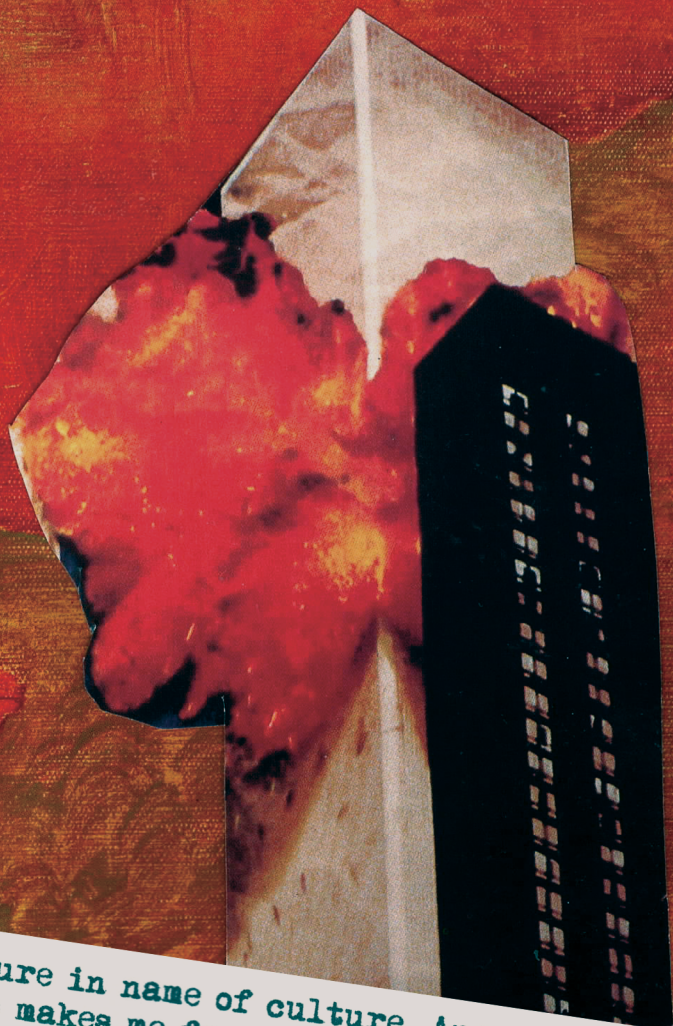
0 1. IV. 2024

PERSON

ANON


GRATA





Anonymous slaughters culture in name of culture. Anonymous sells me my data. Anonymous makes me famous. Anonymous charges me 13.99 monthly. Anonymous says I have a problem they can fix. Anonymous defines art. Anonymous promises me I can drink all night and never get lonely. Anonymous sexts me then asks me for a scan of my passport. Anonymous tells me when to laugh and laughs when I do. Anonymous takes the stage and tells the saxophone to get less horny. Anonymous cums and leaves. Anonymous gets me horny. Anonymous has less problems less of the time. Anonymous sends me rejection letters. Anonymous writes, publishes, and distributes the dictionary. 13.99 monthly. Anonymous defines art. Anonymous #writes #the #hashtag. Anonymous likes my photos. Anonymous sends me letters, postmarks them in barcode. Anonymous politicizes my language, languages my politics. Anonymous writes real poetry, goes to important parties with queers who have good jawlines. Anonymous knows how to spend big to win big. Anonymous defines art. Anonymous can suck his own you know. Anonymous recommends not doing that. Anonymous trends. Anonymous knows who my mom thinks I am. Anonymous speaks general North American English. Anonymous says art should do this and under some circumstances that. Anonymous speaks in binary binary. Anonymous remembers that one time you don't where you didn't. Anonymous wants. Anonymous needs. Anonymous loves me.





I was the one elective
nobody wanted to take
at the bible college,
where girls were on the prowl
for a crucifix father figure
thru illicit Genophobia.

I got grassed for smoking
a Native Spirit cigarette
on school grounds,
where our mascot
used to be The Redskin.


Forced to wash cafeteria trays,
I then got banned
from the girls' dormitories
for falling asleep
on the sofa,
Saturday night.
Then they martyred me
for publishing confiscated
amateur literary magazines.

Like a dope, I believed
in Calliope over Jesus,
and bowed to
the smugness
of the vertical slit.
A notorious deviant,
I had to pay 300 dimes
every time I skipped
midweek chapel.

It was a miracle
I finally gotten laid
after all that martyrization.




...ra-t-il non.
...à l'audience
conciliation? C'est
...gime Delon. Il y a un
...l'acteur venait depo-
...au palais de Justice sa
...ête en divorce. Mais
...ourd'hui — la photogra-
...e en témoigne — Alain
...Nathalie Delon semblent
...onciliés. Depuis quinze
...ils se rencontraient
...rètement: seuls leurs
...mes étaient au courant.
Soudain, ce fut la bombe



self-identifying poets and artists are
paradoxes in immediate decay.

we idealize convention not for what it is but

for the effect that it had.



the misuse of conventions can also become convention.

conservatism in genre is to preserve the time

and place in which the past members of that

culture existed.





Now hear this.

BELLY OF THE BEAST

VIRTUAL MAN

ORIENTATION

IN

PANDORA'S INBOX

Oh no!

Yet another poet I'll have to stand up for so he can write his newest so-called masterpiece on his clunky laptop. I remember the day I stopped dying my hair and would suddenly always get a seat on the tram and suddenly all the aches in my feet and joints and back magically disappeared.

Now you just hope they write something nice about you.

Not like my dear old Květuška, who refused to stand up because her arthritis was unusually bad that day, and got told off for not respecting the working poet in dirty dive bars in Žižkov for two weeks afterwards. Now she lives in Olomouc, she tells me they have solved the problem there by giving the poets their own personal chauffeur, so honest ordinary folks can use the public transport in peace.

Maybe he'll write about my brief affair with Karel Kryl in the 60s, maybe he'll write about all the other poems and songs I've been in.

But no, he's probably writing about that dumb blonde in the front who works at my local café and always gets my order wrong.

Poets don't really appreciate knowledge, because then they would ask, rather than just write. Ask about the pain in other people's joints, not just in theirs.

Květuška is texting me. Saying the reprieve in Olomouc was short-lived, because as soon as ordinary people could sit they would all turn into poets.

She even sends me some of her own, saying: "It's only a text message. Don't you dare call it a poem! Then I'll lose my spot on the tram!"

The poet leaves the tram half-sentence, after the newest fashion - or as Květuška just texted,

As the rain pours down the tram window, I secretly photograph a stranger and think of you secretly killing poets

DEMOCRACY
DEMOCRACY
DEMOCRACY
DEMOCRACY

19

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(4000000)

The mother of all of us
The fountain of magical breasts, that with its own milk
Feeds the homophobic Christian society
Standing on the antique foundations...
(example no. 1.: When was the last time you've seen a gay
Achilles in cinema?)

DEMOCRACY

Second name of the Christ of crusades, tanks, planes & news
at 5 p.m. ... (Who the hell needs the atomic bombs?!!!!!!)

DEMOCRACY, you giant machine, powered by gasoline...

What's your biggest success?

& don't tell me that 89

& don't tell me that 93

& don't tell me that 2001

& don't tell me that 2014

& don't tell me that those free souls hiding behind the
curtain

(example no. 2: Eastern Slovak guerilla homosexual comics -
you'll never learn about it... cause the dicks filled with
patriotism could begin to go down)
& how about the Nugget porn - emancipation in every sense...
A feeling of the woman without limbs - ancient greek torso
- incapability to masturbate, to take out the tampon, to
paint the nails, to comb the hair... the eternal question -
am I still a woman? Am I still a human?
Arms chopped off & Legs torn off & yet...and yet somebody
comes to tell you - you're beautiful, you're so sexy, you're
our Betty Page on the beach, our Stoya in the colonnade...
& the men are thirsty & wanna make love with you & lick
you & conquer & the others want to watch you being fucked
by someone...to watch your cry, anonymously...it's so
exciting...

You don't have arms to defend yourself, or legs to run
away...

Зрели
реалістичні
покази

One of them puts it into your mouth & the other one will
fuck you from below & the world will be watching through
the live CAM...live CUM
NUGGET PORN ... that feeling of importance, excitement,
disgust & erection & soon, very soon you'll be ... (famous)
Arms chopped off, Legs torn off, beautiful face, blue eyes,
blond hair...

WE ALL ARE LOVED, WE ALL ARE FREE, WE ALL CAN MASTURBATE
IN FRONT OF THE BEAUTIFUL SCREENS, SING & SCREAM & RECORD
OURSELVES IN THE PROCESS...
DEMOCRACY ... completes the audition, beloved camera is
running silently, everything starts and ends in the way we
are used to & the Nugget is banged from both sides ... a
little bit of weeping, carpet tape & it's done. A video is
over, we put away the tissues You were very good my
little girl ... director of our trip whispering into her ear.
Could be worth to shoot another one ... & what's your name
anyway? ... & the nugget with her mouth full of cum
whispers quietly

Don't Cut
Liaison

type of type
unmarked - present in
many a

Heck
Nebraska

М. Д. Каза
и сыновья
Маку
Зн. кав. пруд

A photograph of a man in a dark suit and white shirt, holding a white cat. The image is heavily textured with scratches and dust. Overlaid on the image is the text 'WET FOOD FOR LIFE' in large, red, hand-painted letters.

WET FOOD FOR LIFE

We were standing out front ZS one evening smoking and joking in the May new spring evening just before the get up and get down. 3 guys across the road stood at the corner out front potraviny samoobsluha getting a strict buzz on off light beer. they were calm collective scraggly and professional at what they were doing. Then a kluk turned the corner and walked up stopped for a minute in front of them and took a cool drag off branik. He then pulled out a cordless electric shaver and began giving the rest of em' a quick face wash right there in the zizkov spring. sun set and everything. After he finished the last beard, he rolled a smoke and continued on his way down towards florenc. That was love--true unconditional zizkov brotherhood.

Vinohrady Restaurants Now to Mandate Dogs

(VINOHRADY) The Vinohrady Arts & Poodles Ensemble (VAPE) is launching an initiative that encourages residents to bring as many dogs with them into restaurants as possible with hopes to promote its title as the most 'dog-friendly neighborhood in the northern hemisphere'.

Veronika Tailwagova, a proponent of the campaign who was holding a sign that read "RESTAURANTS ARE FOR DOGS" told KROTCH reporters, "It's such great news, I'm glad that Dogs Rights are finally being discussed seriously."

Surgeon General Recommends Absolutely Under No Circumstance Consumption of Alcohol

(MALASTRANA) Last week, the office of the Czech Surgeon General advised that under no circumstance whatsoever should any amount of alcohol be consumed to ensure a healthy lifestyle. However, one or two are totally fine.

The advisory comes after a recent study that showed the negative effects that even the slightest amount of alcohol can have on every part of the human body. However, "one or two after work is totally fine and may even be healthy" reassured the Czech health authority.



Wall Street Investor Acquires World Poetry Scene

(NAMESTI MIRU) The visionary venture capitalist Jan Hotovost has recently acquired the global underground poetry scene from the U.K.-based Poetry Society. The collection included all poetry, poems, and poets who "experiment" and/or are "independent."

KROTCH Reporters met Mr. Hotovost at one of his Vinohrady residencies where he was cataloguing his newly acquired assets, which included 500kg of shit-stained manifestos, 5 tones of sperm-stuck zines, 145 tones of sound poetry and 346 tones of samizdats.

Many cages with skinny, black-clad, crazy-eyed "poets" were to be found everywhere around the property—a constant hum of "poetry" was to be heard in every corner.

When asked why made this peculiar acquisition, Hotovost simply replied, "fuck it, I'm probably gonna burn it all anyway. Hey, you've heard about the new Asian fusion restaurant up in Kubelikova? I think I'll send one of my slaves... I mean, poets to fetch us sth to eat. You in?" KROTCH reporters ordered Sashimi.

FAMU Declares Art as 'Industry Standard'

(STAROMESTKE NAMESTI) Recent reports from FAMU administrative proceedings reveal that the academic staff and its students are pushing for the standardization of art.

When prompted on what this would actually mean for the Prague vocational school, students were quick to defend the self-proclaimed status without providing a definition. Katka Cerna said, "FAMU teaches us the Industry Standard in Art--if you want to be an artist, you have to follow the industry standard. FAMU is simply the beacon for us who want to create real art that we can sell for a profit on Amazon and other global markets.

When prompted by KROTCH Reporters what effect a 'standardization of art' would have on young creative people, Cerna clapped her hands three times between each word of her response, "ITS. THE. INDUSTRY STANDARD--if you don't follow the industry standard, how can you create art professionally? You wouldn't want FAMU students to create bad art would you?"



INTERVIEW IN ZS B-RM.

"Are you recording?"

"So this is pretty fucking awesome we just met in the fuckign toilets. And this guy has a camera."

"He asked me what I think about ZS culture."

"Everytime I come here, I meet such random people and we always have these deep connections. deep conversations. And it's awesome because everyone is on the same level. Everyone is talking together and growing together. We are debating about random stuff and this happens to me all the time here."

[someone else coomes into the bathroom and starts peeing next to us].

"Tonight I just randomly met an ex-colleague. We were working for one month and we met here randomly. And I spoke to his mom and now his mom introduced him to me and I completely unexpected it."

"Last december I randomly came here and I stared at this guy and he stared back at me and we started a conversation and now the three of us--me, him, and his mom--are having conversations."

"And this is the magic of the moment and the magic of this place. There are magical things happening here in this place and the best thing is to come here to feel the moment and have conversations with people."

FILMY PAPIRY FOTOGRAFIE

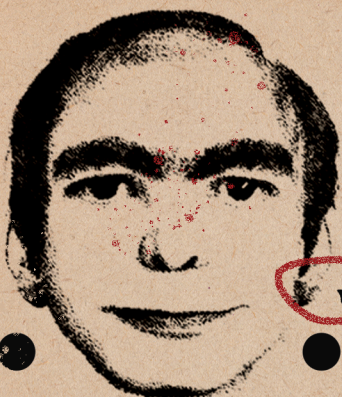
ČESKOSLOVENSKÁ

FOTOGRAFIE

dokumentární
film

servis foto kino

"photography" "is" "real" "art" "because" "its" "a" "picture" "of" "real" "things" "and" "real" "things" "are" "real" "authentic". "Photography" "has" "the" "ability" "to" "communicate" "real" "moments". Photography? is? real? art? because? it's? a? picture? of? real? things? and? real? things? are? real? authentic? Photography? has? the? ability? to? communicate? real? moments?



KROTCH

missed konnections

write to us: [KROTCH \(AT\) OBJECTPARADISE.COM](mailto:KROTCH(AT)OBJECTPARADISE.COM)

- WWW4M (DRUNK GIRLS AT KARLIN SS. CYRIL AND METHODIUS CHURCH) - We stumbled into mass on Easter Sunday and felt the word of God from you and started making out in the back pew. We know you liked it.
- M4W (TRAM 22, NAMESTI MIRU) - You were sat across from me looking out the window but I felt like you were looking straight at me through the reflection. When I got off you waved and I knew I should have ran after you.. You had tattoos of hands on your hands.
- W4W (SIRACHA SHORTAGE AT KINO SVETOZOR) - I saw you walking out the asian potraviny at Kino Svetozor. You were struggling to carry 5 bottles of Huy Fong siracha. I was excited to see it back in stock, but was more excited to see someone else excited to see it back in stock. Hope to see you again.
- M4M (YOU LOOKED LIKE ME IF I WERE YOU, KLUB PATRA) - You had a haircut like mine if I let it get like that. Earrings too. Sharper jaw line, but I could tell you like to drink. I kind of thought you looked at me. You came up to our group afterwards but I was already on my way out. Next time.
- W4M (DRUNK KEYBOARDIST WITH DRUM STICKS, ZS) - You asked me where the concert was. You were already at the concert. We both were. You were shitfaced off Zizkovice wanting to play the piano with yr drum sticks. I thought you were cute. Do you always drink like that?
- W4MW (I WENT TO EVERY BAR ON ZIZKOVSKA NOC TO FIND YOU) - I saw you and yr boyfriend? girlfriend? on Vilkova on Friday March 22. You looked like trouble. After you passed me, I went to every bar to try and find you but only found noise and a hangover--was that you?
- M4M (YOU WERE VISITING FROM GERMANY) - You were wearing a suit but I could see the croset underneath. You didn't seem interested. I would have loved to show you what I was wearing.
- W4W (PANDA BAR, FLOREC) - You and I were the only ones at Panda Bar a few Sundays ago. 4I for a draft kozel? What a steal. But some guy stole the bathroom key and left. In some unvierse we're still there getting a good drunk on pissing our pants together.
- M4M (BERLIN PERSON) - I met you a few weeks ago--long shot I know. But now I feel like I see you everywhere. Long black lether jacket. Mullet. Fast sunglasses. Is it you? Or are you multiplying?

AWW MAN

RADIO & BOOKING

RECOMMENDS

APR 03

Thotal
- KLUB 007

APR 09

Lessle + Naked In The Zoo
- ETERNIA

APR 14

Sítě + Kaboom Karavan
- PUNCTUM

APR 24

The Drin
- BIKE JESUS

MAY 1

Shadow Show (US) + NOIX + Ys
- UNDERDOGS'

MAY 15

Drahla (UK) + Sinks + Alpha Strategy
- UNDERDOGS'

MAY 24

Atol Atol Atol (PL)
+ Nape Neck (UK) + WHYYES
- UNDERDOGS'

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DREAMS

WINNING TEAM



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